

Glasgow Weekly Times.

DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL, COMMERCIAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 13.

CITY OF GLASGOW, THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 26, 1852.

NO. 26.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURES. New Administration—Wool Carding and Weaving.

THE UNDERSIGNED begs to announce that he has purchased of Mr. D. I. Hays, at the Point, north Glasgow, his Carding Machine, and is **PREPARED TO CARD WOOL**, with promptness and neatness. He is also prepared to do all kinds of

COUNTRY WEAVING, and pledges himself in both branches, to attend to all orders in a workmanlike manner. Ferriage paid on all Wool from Saline. Wool received at Mr. Carson's Tin Shop, Glasgow. JOHN SUTLIFE.

DR. W. T. DAMERON
Huntsville, Mo.
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of Huntsville, and vicinity. Office over McCampbell, Coates & Smith, store rooms. Huntsville, Aug. 4, 1851—1f

DOCTORS VAUGHAN & CAMPBELL, have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, &c., &c. Office next door to Dr. V's. residence. August 7, 1851.

F. A. SAVAGE,
DEALER IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES. Hats, Caps, Hosiery and Quenauure, Nails, &c., &c. WATER STREET, GLASGOW, MO.

CARLOS BOARDMAN,
Attorney at Law, Linnens, Linn County, Mo. WILL continue the practice of the Law, in Linn and the adjoining counties. All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention. August 3, 1851.

LOGAN D. DAMERON,
DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Water Street, Glasgow, Mo. **KEEPS constantly on hand a general assortment of reasonable goods.**

JOHN C. CRAWLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO. WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him in the Courts of Howard and adjoining counties. Office with Drs. Vaughan & Campbell. Glasgow, June 19, 1851—1f.

PREWITT & HENRY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, FAYETTE, MO. WILL attend to all business entrusted to them in Howard, and the counties adjoining. Particular attention paid to collecting. Office in Cigler's Office building two doors above the Recorder's Office. November 19, 1850—y.

G. B. BURKHARTT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, HUNTSVILLE, MO. WILL practice law in the counties of Randolph, Christian, Howard, Boone, Monroe, Adair and Schuyler. All business entrusted to him will receive his prompt attention. Office in the second story above McCampbell & Coates's store. [Oct 24—34.]

THOS. SHACKELFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, GLASGOW, MO. WILL practice in the Courts of Howard, Saline, Cooper, Randolph and Chariton counties. Office on First street.

MEDICAL CARD.
DRS. POWELL & BOWERS have associated themselves together in the practice of Medicine, and will give prompt attention to all calls. No extra charge for consultation, where either of them are employed. Cambridge, Jan 22, 1852.

BROWN, TRATCH & HART,
DEALERS IN Fine Clothing and Gentlemen's FURNISHING GOODS. 106, Main Street, St. Louis, Mo. Nov. 6, 1851.

F. W. DIGGES & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS, (Corner of Market and First street,) GLASGOW, MO.

DR. H. F. WALKER,
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of the place and vicinity. Office at Dr. Henderson's Drug Store, and residence at the Glasgow House, at one of which places he can always be found, when not professionally absent. Glasgow, Jan 15, 1852.

SMITH & MATTHEWS,
CABINET MAKERS. Water Street, Glasgow. WILL make to order, in the neatest and most fashionable style, and from the best materials all kinds of FURNITURE. Particular attention paid to making COFFINS. Also—Patent Metallic Coffins kept constantly on hand. Shop second door above the Post Office. May 27, 1851.

GLASGOW HOUSE,
OPPOSITE STEAM BOAT LANDING, Water street, Glasgow, Mo. THIS large and commodious house is open for the reception of travellers and resident boarders. Having procured a competent assistant, the proprietor feels confident that entire satisfaction will be given to all.

Good stables conveniently situated attended by careful hostlers. Stage office for the East, West, and North also kept here. Bar supplied with choice Liquors, Wines, and Cigars. May 6, 1852. EMILY A. CHILES.

A. F. DENNY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, ST. LOUIS, MO. WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to him. Office in the new Post Office buildings. May 13, 1852.

SADDLERY AND TRUNK MANUFACTORY,
ROPER & BROTHER, Manufacturers of Saddles, Harness, Trunks, and every description of Saddlery. Water Street, Glasgow. April 29, 1852.

WRAPPING PAPER.
BY the team, at St. Louis prices. May 29. W. F. BIRCH & SON.

THE TIMES.

BY CLARK H. GREEN.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.
Office on Water Street, Up Stairs, next door to the Glasgow House.

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Authorized Agents.
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Speech of Ex-Senator Benton.
CITIZENS: Honest exultation is natural in our circumstances; insolent triumph is foreign to our natures. We have a right to rejoice; we have no disposition to insult. Moderation, always respectable, is the crowning ornament of victory, and the balm which cures all wounds. We have gained a victory—a great one; manfully and nobly gained—it—the open field of our theatre—hard knocks our process. No Ulysses work with us; but the Ajax's—Big and Little Ajax—hard knocks; and no tricks; hard, but fair.

The city and county of St. Louis, the Gibraltar of our political foes, has been carried. Two Senators and ten Representatives in the General Assembly—all the county officers, twenty in number—the Congress ticket—the State ticket—all carried; and without the loss of a man. A ticket of thirty carried at a dash—at one lick, and that where no fragment of a ticket had been carried for years before—where nothing but successive defeats had set on our banners for years. An average majority of a thousand, when two years ago the majority (and a good one) was against us; and this against a foe in possession of all the appliances of power—entrenched in power, presses, offices, the State Bank, the city government and its revenue, the whole system of jobs and contracts, and the train bands of a veteran city police.

On our side, no advantages of power or position and some great disadvantages: entrenched foes in front, pirates in the rear, a Simon in the camp. We had nothing. Naked hands, empty pockets, no arsenals or military chest: one press in a foreign language, one little one born at the eleventh hour; one other old enough, and big enough, to have done service; but like the lame captain, commencing his flight before the fight began. We were empty, all empty, except the heart; and that was full! Full to the brim! brimful of courage and patriotism. The Deros of St. Louis—I love that Greek word—the *demus* *kratou* of St. Louis, in this month of August, first Monday, and second day, in the year of Grace, 1852, have done a deed which shall long resound through the land, which constitutes an era in the history of Missouri, and sets an example for the whole State to follow. Victory complete since upon the banner. No dead, no wounded, not a prisoner left upon the field. We have met the foe, and they are ours; and now, like generous conquerors, we will bind up their wounds, and wipe away their tears, and give them the best we have except the offices. Such is the result in the county election, in the noblest county and city, in the noblest State in the Union.

The Congress election, in a district of twenty counties, was part of the combat in St. Louis and nobly did the other nineteen emulate the conduct of the queen city of the State. Benton was in the field, face to face with the people—no traitors between them—and the question, whether they would stand by the man who for six Roman lustriums had stood by them? They did stand! over a field of three hundred miles—from the Missouri river to the Arkansas line, from the Merrimac to the St. Francis, and to the Big and Little Black, Eleven Point, and the Currents; to White River and Black river, Crooked Creek, Apple Creek, and the Castor—down to the Big Swamp and out to the hills—from Creve Caer to Pemisico, (twice as far as from Dan to Beersheba)—everywhere, the *demus* stood by the man who has stood by them. It was a long race; and they had put a weight upon your leader's back—not very heavy; and he carried it without feeling it, about in the style that the renowned captain John Gilpin, (of London train band memory,) carried the neck and handle of that broken jug which hung dangling at his back in that famous ride from London town to Islington.

And he did not degrade himself or the people. No low arts of electioneering—no begging for votes—no appeal to old services—no bowing and scraping—no whining and blubbering—no confessing and begging pardon, and promising not to do so again; no erasing to lose. But, right ahead, hitting right and left—knocking over compromises, platforms, canons, conventions, regular nominations, fugitive slave law, and all; and despising everything that jugglers contrive for the terror of timid politicians: armed with truth and courage alone; self supported, and relying upon the people; answering no questions and telling no lies; that is the way it was done. And to whose honor? His own? Not but to the honor of the masses, to the honor of the people who recognize truth and courage—who despise the shuffling politician, and love the man of head and nerve—the man always frank and honest, whether always right or not.

CITIZENS! a week before the election, I

saw a letter from a perspicacious politician in Pennsylvania, in which he said: "I have read Benton's speech at the Rotunda in St. Louis, to the electors of your first Congressional District. It is such a speech as no other man in the nation has the courage to make; and if the people do not elect him they will have less spirit than they are credited for, and less gratitude than good men ought to have."

This is what that perspicacious man wrote, and before this time he has got the news, and sees the people of Missouri—the twenty counties at least, composing the First Congressional District—have full as much spirit as they were ever credited for, and full as much gratitude as good men ought to have. And these twenty are only a specimen of the one hundred which the State contains.

CITIZENS! The debt of gratitude is on my part. I came to this city thirty-seven years ago, then a small village, and cast my lot among you. From the second year of my arrival I became the object of a warfare, such as was never carried on against any public man, and crowned in the year '49 by a conspiracy to destroy me, both life and character. If I defended myself, the State and the Union, against a domestic and national foe. You took me up, five years after I came to the county, sustained me, kept me in the American Senate thirty years; and when sold out of it by traitors, you the people of twenty counties, (but emblem of the whole State,) restore me to the national council; that branch of it which erroneous ideas have placed before the Senate, but which the Constitution intended to be above it—which for forty years was above it—which the reviving spirit of the Constitution will again place above it—and in which a seat is most agreeable to me, because it comes direct from you.

We have gained a great victory, and one that is full of results. You have rebuked treachery and conspiracy; you have justified courage and honesty; you have justified the man who will not compromise with the enemies of the Union; you have vindicated the character of republican government—shown that the people are neither ungrateful nor fickle; and that an appeal to you—the appeal direct, where there is no room for juggling—is the safe resort of every faithful honest public man. I can tell of every faithful republican government was on trial in my person in this election; that Europe and America was looking on, the enemy of free government wishing defeat, that the stain of ingratitude and fickleness might rest upon you; the friends of free government wishing me success, that this stain might be effaced. You have effaced it; you have rebuked treachery and venality, and vindicated the honor of republican government. This is a grand result of your victory—moral result; but we must have material results also; we must have works, and that will depend upon the elected men whom you have elected to State and Federal office.

But I am astonished at the amount of the Whig vote—above four thousand in this county, and nearly as many more in the remaining nineteen. This is impossible. If they mean whigs in the revolutionary sense of the term, granted. We are all whigs in that sense; and the term so used is a national, and not a party designation. But if they mean whigs of the United States Bank variety—the Whigs who quit Jackson and the democracy to stand by the Bank—it is all a mistake. They went off from their old friends under the belief that a national Bank was necessary; they now know it is not—now know that it is given up and abandoned by its former champions who induced them to join it—called an "absoluted idea" that is to say, a dead and deluded idea. Now, would it not be "absoluted" in any of these mistaken democrats to remain mistaken? to remain a United States Bank Whig upon a dead idea? to consolidate with the federal party under its new principles? and thus become committed to all their principles while only joining them upon one; and that one now exploded? Impossible. They will correct the mistake—return to their old friends—and leave the Federal Whigs at the next election with the fraction of the vote which they have now received. The same of that party who takes a name which implies hatred to one man. They have voted above two thousand! Can there be that number of men in twenty counties of the State, or of the world, who take for their distinctive political principle, the feeling of hatred to one man? Impossible! Nineteenth of these voters have voted under mistakes, and will rectify themselves the first time they vote again.

CITIZENS! Direct voting has made this great result; and it is the only kind which ought to be tolerated in a republic—the only kind which can save to the people any share in their own elections. No intermediate body, self-constituted, or otherwise—no caucus, no convention, no electors, no House of Representatives, no general assembly—should ever be permitted to stand between the voter and the object of his choice—too often to juggle him and cheat him out of his choice. Who ever heard of these interlopers in the election of a Roman consul, praetor, quaestor, tribune, or any thing else? No one ever heard of such a thing; and if it had been Rome herself would never have been heard of. "Regular nominations" were there unknown. The people nominated, and nominated at the election, never failed to choose the most illustrious man which the Republic contained, not one of whom ever failed to carry the grandeur of Rome beyond the point at which he found it. Cicero had six competitors when he was elected consul; and no one thought of a caucus—I wonder how the word would sound in Latin—to make a "regular nominee." Neither Rome nor Greece, nor any other elective government that ever existed, or now exists, could or did endure such lawless and fatal intervention. The United

States alone are the only exception; and if it continues, her name will be "Ichabod!" which, being interpreted, signifies, "Thy glory hath departed." I have been an advocate for direct voting all my life—have proposed it in Congress many times, and as far back as more than twenty years ago, in the case of President and Vice President, and deem it indispensable in all elections, State and Federal, if our elections are not to degenerate into empty form and criminal substance.

The Congress election in this district is an illustration of the difference between direct and indirect voting. A convention was held, and delegates and proxies—made a regular nomination, based upon upward of ten thousand votes to one, and next to none for the others; this was the *indirect* vote of the people, transmitted and transmitted through the interloping convention. The election followed, and direct voting after the indirect vote, and the basis of the nomination was exactly reversed—toward ten thousand, and for him who was to have next to none! and next to none to him who was to have ten thousand; and that is about a fair specimen of all such indirect voting—all such delegate and proxy work—all such interloping conventions, from Presidential nominations down to thimble-rig juggling for State and county officers.

But success has its duties as well as its enjoyments—its responsibilities as well as its exultation. Works are to follow—wise and good works for the benefit of the country. This noble county of St. Louis sends twelve Democratic members to the General Assembly; this grand Congress district of twenty counties, fronting three hundred miles upon the Father of Floods, sends a Democratic member to the National Councils. To do what? Go and feed at the public crib, and then come back with their fingers in their mouths? No, never! They are sent to work! and bring back an account of good work done; or at all events, of faithful endeavors to do it. This is their mission; and the election is a mandate for labor, and a bond for responsibility, as well as a call to honor and distinction.

State legislation, if not for the adoption of good measures, at least for the prevention of bad, must feel the influence of this election. A serious responsibility rests upon the next General Assembly; and the Democratic must bear its brunt, and the St. Louis county delegation above that of all others on account of its numbers. With the rest of the Democracy they will be formidable, but not the numerical superiority—but enough to do much. A good cause, and courageous hearts, should be an overmatch for numbers. The Whigs and the Anti-Bentons will be a majority in the next General Assembly. The Anties alone will outnumber the Democracy—thanks to that fatal Jefferson City convention of April last. That convention reneaded and rehabilitated an expired and defunct faction—had brought the dead to life—and made it, with the Whigs, the controlling power in the next General Assembly; to which it could not have elected one single member in any one county in the State. Yet that convention has done this, and has given me two years more to labor to get the Democratic party back to what it was on the 5th day of April last. The Democracy will have to make up in courage and vigilance what they lack in numbers; and may prevent bad measures from being passed if they cannot procure the adoption of good ones. They must take high ground; high and clean ground, of principle, duty, honor, and courage. If the prostrate political machine, the State Bank, is bribed through the two Houses—the (the only way it can get through)—the Democratic ground must be taken of *APPEAL* to the people, and *REPEAL* of the purchased charter.

In the national legislature there are many things to be done, for the failure to do which, or to try, I shall admit my own responsibility. A system of roids from St. Louis to San Francisco; the development of the iron resources of the country; free trade in salt; the rectification of the vagary of universal valorem; liberal dispositions of the public lands; improvement of our national rivers; the preservation of the gold currency; the acquisition of the arsenal ground for a public promenade in St. Louis; the completion of the marine hospital; preservation of the city hospital—these will be some of the measures of a more home character which I shall press.

In my more extended character, as acting for the whole Union, I shall, in the first place, join all the good men of all parties in restoring the decorum of the House, and confining it to its proper duties—to important enough and various enough to exhaust the whole measure of any man's ability; and exalted enough to furnish reputation to any amount of honorable ambition. I shall be a party man where party principle is concerned, but shall never mistake for principle the trick and intrigue of slang politicians. I shall act with the good men of all parties when the honor and interest of the country is concerned; and not with such in all those questions which are either above or below party. I shall be opposed to all plunder legislation, to all unnecessary expenditures, to all extravagance; and endeavor to return the Government to that economy from which it has so frightfully departed.

I shall be in favor of peace, friendship and commerce with all nations, and with war, none, except for great national causes; and that after exhausting all resources of honorable adjustment. The last argument of Kings—the *ultima ratio regum*, so proudly inscribed on his cannon by Louis the IVth—is not to be, with me, the first argument of the Republic, especially in this age of advanced civilization and social international civilization; and when reason and justice, not force and arms, should settle, as far as possible, the controversies of nations as well as individuals.

I shall not be in favor of a war with Mexico to enforce her revival of the Garay Tehuantepec grant, twice defunct under the laws of Mexico; and upon the limitation of time for the fulfillment of its conditions; and once upon a decree in Congress for bribery in its inception; and which double defunct grant is now held by some of our millionaire citizens who call upon the American Government to bully or whip that feeble power into submission to their demands. That grant is for a monopoly road across the Isthmus, and is a route upon foreign territory. Justice, as well as charity, should begin at home; and the good book says, that man is worse than a heathen who does not provide for his own household. We have territory of our own for making a road to the Pacific ocean; and have been four years begging the means of making it—for making even a common wagon and horse road—but all to no purpose. Not even a bridle path marked out yet from the frontiers of Missouri to the State of California, or the territory of Oregon; nor any road to New Mexico, except the one which I got marked out twenty-five years ago. I should not be in favor of bullying or whipping Mexico into the establishment of the foreign monopoly Tehuantepec route at all, even if the grant was yet alive; and much less when we can get nothing for a free national road, for our own citizens upon our own territory.

I am against rushing into a war with Great Britain, to settle with cannon the meaning of some words in the Fishing Convention of 1818. The settlement of the meaning of that treaty, and of all treaties, is a proper subject for arbitration—for reference to some disinterested authority; and for submission to the decision of that authority. We want no new convention; that might be as difficult to understand as the present one; for the diplomatic art is very successful in depositing the seeds of a new contention in every settlement of an old one. We want the present treaty interpreted, and the interpretation depends upon the meaning of some half a dozen lines of English writings, done by eminent scholars and statesmen, and surely susceptible of explanation. Let us get an interpreter; any fair man in the character of an arbitrator, to tell Great Britain and America what the words mean. This is a usual proceeding among nations, even in the case of unadjusted and complicated difficulties; and much more so in the case of disputed construction of existing stipulations. It is the course we followed with Great Britain herself in the case of the slaves deported during the war of 1812. The first article of the treaty of 1812. The first article of the treaty of 1812. The first article of the treaty of 1812.

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The treaty of peace of 1793, with Great Britain, contained a similar stipulation in relation to the slaves deported during the war of the revolution; and the same disagreement as to its construction. Twenty years were consumed in negotiation; no arbitration was proposed, or if proposed not accepted, and the value of all those slaves lost to the owners. Arbitration procured under the treaty of Ghent what twenty years of negotiation, beginning under Washington, could not obtain under the treaty of 1793; and gain or lose, arbitration is the right way to settle the meaning of the words in relation to this fishing privilege. We want no new treaty, and if we did, would admit the defect of the present one, and the new one might give rise to the same doubtful interpretation. War does not construe treaties but abrogates them; and by war we should lose the present stipulation, and possibly not get another. I am for proposing arbitration; and in the meantime do nothing to alarm the country or bring on hostilities.

I am against alarming the country with a talk of war, when there is to be no war—at least constitutionally made. No ministry in Great Britain, and no Congress in the United States, can make war out of this question. Thirty-two millions of people one side, and twenty-four on the other, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, dividing blood, engaged in active commercial and social communication, with no rivalry, except in the useful arts, and which THIRTY-TWO AND TWENTY-FOUR, the cause of liberal government throughout the world, requires to stand together; no such fifty-six millions of people can be set to fighting (with their own consent,) to settle the meaning of some words in a fishing treaty! and they would smash each part for itself, any ministry or Congress that should set them at it without their consent. The Derby Ministry, which has given practical consequence to this verbal dispute, is already disposed of by the late elections have already disposed of it—thereby proving that it was not a "stable" Ministry, taking the word in whatever sense it may bear. There will be no war—none constitutionally made; and it is wrong to alarm the country with the fear of such a calamity. Such alarm is mischief to the business of the country—to commerce and stocks, and enterprise of all kinds. Property is timid; and it is cruel to spook the with the interests of individuals; to spook the alarm; not the less so because the danger, with some, is magnified, to magnify the glory of averting it; with others, the war talk nothing but fanfare, to purchase cheap popularity with others, again, mere earth, without thought.

I am against sending ships of war to the scene of dispute. It is the way to bring on hostilities, not to prevent them; and to bring them on by an executive order instead of a law of Congress. Put two men face to face, with a quarrel in their bosoms, and arms in their hands, and how long will it be before they use those arms? before accident or design brings on conflict? It is the same, on a large scale, with fleets and armies. Confront them! tell them watch each other; tell them to take care of the national honor and interest; and they will do it! do it in the only way known to arms! the favorite way with all to whom war is a profession!—And when blood once flows there is an end to any argument but that of the cannon until blood is avenged. "American blood has been shed on an American ship," will be just as potent over the passions as the same words were in relation to American soil; and bro't about in the same way. The march of the American troops from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande made the shedding of "American blood on American soil" which put an end to all peaceful negotiations, fired all passions, and extorted from congress the declaration of war against Mexico. A similar shedding of "American blood on an American ship," on the coast of Labrador, or in the Bay of Fundy, may bring on a war with Great Britain, the result of accident, or passion, or misconception of orders; but not the less calamitous to the country for such a fortuitous beginning.

I therefore look upon this movement of ships to the disputed fishing grounds as unwise and dangerous—more apt to bring on war than to prevent it—and to bring it on suddenly and unconstitutionally, and in the midst of the active commercial and social relations of the two countries. Arbitration is the remedy, and it will be the successful one; for no ministry in Great Britain, or administration in the United States, could stand an hour against the indignation of 56,000,000 of people, which ministry or administration should refuse to accept of a peaceful mode of settling the meaning of a few words in a treaty. Let other make it, and the other will be bound to accept, or to give way to those who will.

CITIZENS! This is no time for dilute language—no time for elementary discourses on politics; but there are two points on which I wish to speak and to become somewhat of a political teacher. The first is upon the difference between a *Leaguer* and a *Ulysses* which is, in fact, the difference between the present Government of the United States and the former Federal Confederation; and upon the effect of Congress "compromise" in unbinding the present form of our government, and remitting the STATES to the condition they were in under that "crude of sand"—the Articles of Confederation. That is one point I wish to speak upon, and should have done it if Gen. Taylor had not died so suddenly. The second point is a view of political parties upon "principle" with the design to present politics as a science, and to show that political parties are sadly confused at present in the United States—sadly deluded by excessive questions—sadly degraded by unworthy, or unskillful teachers; and that many, on both sides, are sadly misapprehended, and to do this without reference to either party in particular, but to both. I would not speak to these points before the election, because I would not subject a discourse, partly delivered and discontinued, to the suspicion, however erroneous, of a selfish or temporary object; and I cannot do it to-night, because the time is unfit, the occasion adverse, and the audience one-sided.

It has been supposed by some—by a few who received some blows in the late contest—that I hit too hard. Let all such complainers remember that I had been hit myself for more than thirty years before I returned a lick and that it is my nature, being forced into action, to do nothing by halves. But, enough of this. By-gones are (with me) by-gones. Let us forget the past. I offer a child's bargain to all combatants: let me alone, and I will let you alone. And I believe I will let them all alone any way, whether they let me alone or not.

Let us look forward. We have a noble city and a noble State, with whose aggrandizement any man may be proud to interweave his name. Rivers, soil, minerals, geographical centrality, and the territorial extent for a great kingdom; such is the State. Geographical centrality against topographical pre-eminence; absorbing capabilities; antennas, to reach out and rake in the commerce from the gulf and the lakes, the plains, and the mountains, the Atlantic and Pacific, all Western America, and all Eastern Asia; such is the city. The golden horn of plenty—the cornucopia of beneficent Providence—has been filled to the brim with all that was rich and bounteous in the stores of nature, and emptied itself clung upon this city and State. They ask nothing more from nature—nothing from man, but fair play to nature's work. Roads, bridges, safe rivers, safe boats, hard money currency, and Democratic government in principle is all that is wanted to give to this State and city, the full development of their magnificent aggrandizement. Federal and State legislation must help, and not mar the designs of nature. Fair play to their own resources, and no detriment to others; is all they ask. No shut-out when National roads are to be made, or National rivers to be improved. No dog in the manger, when the public lands are wanted for their own beneficial development, and for National and agricultural betterment.

I have been through a contest to which I had no heart, and into which I have been forced, solely against my will. I have not conducted it like other men. Who, since it began, has seen me walk the streets of the city in which I live? stand at a corner? or visit a public place? Who has seen that? No one. Who has seen me talk to any individual to conciliate his vote? No one. What have I done? Gone forth, when too much assailed, to speak to the masses; those masses always honest, sometimes mistaken, but always ready to do justice. I have spoken the same language to all, kindly and de-

terminally to the good and mistaken—proudly and defiantly to the false and wicked—and from the masses and the repulse of assailants, I have always returned to the seclusion of my own house. My work has been that of the sick lion—sick at the heart—reposing in his lair; only leaving it when the hunters and their pack lay too close by; and then to slaughter or disperse the assailants; and then return again to the sick bed.

I have gone through a contest to which I had no heart, and into which I was forced by combinations against life and honor, and from which I gladly escape. What is a seat in Congress to me? I have sat thirty years in the highest branch of Congress—have made a name to which I can expect to add nothing—and I should only be anxious to save what has been gained. I have domestic affections, sorely lacerated in these latter times; a wife whom I have never neglected, and who needs my attention now more than ever—children, some separated from me by the wide expanse of oceans and continents; others by the slender bonds which separate time from eternity. I touch the age which the Psalmist assigns for the limit of manly life; and must be thoughtless, indeed, if I do not think of something beyond the fleeting and shadowy pursuits of this life, of all which I have seen the vanity. What is my consolation? Ask the undertaker, that good Mr. Laywell, whose face, present on so many mournful occasions, has become pleasant to me. He knows what occupies my thoughts and cares—gathering the bones of the dead—planting the cypress over assembled graves, and marking the spot where I and those who are dear to me are soon to be laid; all on the sunset side of the Father of Floods: the towering city of St. Louis, on one head; the rolling stream of the Missouri on the other; and where a cemetery of large dimensions is to be the future metropolis of numbered generations. These are my thoughts and cares, and the undertaker knows them.

I have been replete for many months, and was called proud because I was so. If by that term it was intended to say I had the vulgar pride which treats with contumely honesty in rags, it is false; if the lofty pride is intended which despises meanness though clad with gold, it is true. I have that pride. I never saw the poor richest man that I did not respect, nor the rich mean one that I did not despise. Of that kind of pride I have something from it to be proud of within myself, and more to be proud of from the people. I am proud of the thirty years in the American Senate which the free voice of Missouri gave me, and feel no degradation at being sold out of it by traitors to the people. I am proud of the 5,250 votes this city and county gave me Monday before last; proud of the twenty counties which have made me their Representative; proud of the acres of men who met me at the grand rally the Saturday night before the election; proud of the thousands upon thousands who are here at this grand celebration to honor me this night. And I hope again to be proud of the State of Missouri, but it cannot be until she has purged herself of nullification, high treason and vagabond paper money.

We copy the following from the Richmond (Ky.) Messenger of the 13th:

Some 3,000 hogs were sold in this county the past and present weeks to Tennessee at \$4.50 gross. They drive them to Tennessee to fatten, and thence take them to the Southern market. The price in this region seems to be firm, with an upward tendency at these figures.

We understand that some have been sold in Garrard county at \$4.75 to go in the same direction.

The prospect for corn in this region is rather gloomy. We have had no rain for several weeks until Monday last, when we had a gentle shower. Unless we get more, corn crops will be cut short, probably not more than half the ordinary yield, when seasons—do any some of our farmers.

MR. CLAY AND GEN. SCOTT.—Maj. Geo. T. Ward, the Whig nominee for the office of Governor of Florida, took occasion to mention to the nominating convention, that, during his late visit to Baltimore, he had the privilege of an interview with the patriot Henry Clay, who was then slowly sinking into the sleep of death, and that this distinguished man, whom the country now mourns, gave among his last expressions his testimony to the integrity, patriotism, and virtue of Winfield Scott.

THE WAY TO TALK.—A gentleman of Florida writes to the editor of the Mobile Advertiser to send him the paper—provided it supports Scott and Graham; and if not to return the money. He adds there is no fear of Florida that she will give Scott and Graham the electoral vote by a handsome majority.

MORE TESTIMONY.—Henry W. Hillard Esq'r., a distinguished gentleman of Alabama, in a letter says of Gen. Scott and the Compromise:

"He is well known to me personally. His patriotic desire for the success of the Compromise measures was well understood while they yet hung in doubtful scales; and it is so happened that I dined in company with him on the day of his triumphant passage and heard from his own lips the ardent expression of his unbounded satisfaction at that most happy consummation."

The wealth of mind and heart, of faith and love, no change can take from us.

The most beautiful may be the most admired and esteemed, but they are not always the most successful.